"Women are queer creatures and mighty hard to understand," said the man with the heavy mustache. The others held similar opinions, and no one objected to the statement.

"There is no pleasing them," he continued. "Now, my wife is a woman, Just a plain, common sort of a woman. She objects to bibulous habits, and if she smells liquor on my breath, which she does frequently, she declares I am a drunkard and urges me to take the gold cure, All the same I drink occasionally, although I dread the rumpus that I know will follow the indulgence. So I have hit on the plan of sort of confining my libations to such times as I have committed some other act for which my wife is prone to create a disturbance. I am thus able to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak."

"Doesn't she allow youany latitude whatever?" inquired a listener.

"None at all," was the reply. "She wants me to be sweet as new-mown grass all the time. Well, the other night I was downtown late, having a quiet little game. I had resolved to please my wife, and so I did not take a drink. There was plenty to be had, and the other fellows had it, but I refrained from indulging, although it required a great exertion of my will. I went home tolerably early, for I could not bear to sit around while the other fellows were drinking and not join in. I reached home feeling justly proud and virtuous. My wife met me at the door, and, under pretext of kissing me, she smelled my breath. Would you believe it, she was so mad she did not speak to me for two days."

"Thought you had been drinking, eh?"

'No; that was not the trouble. She can trust her nose all right, and she knew I was sober as a judge. That's what made her mad. She had prepared a beautiful lecture she was going to give me, and when I went home sober there was no opportunity to spring it. Mad? Well, I guess so. What'll ye have?"

NOT USED TO IT.

MANAGER-What is Antico, the comedian.

so mad about?
STAGE MANAGER—He says the audience

"Where do you hall from?" asked the icicle.

"From the clouds," replied the truthful hall-

## The Prairie Pronouncing School.

"You would never think Miss Bell was from the far West.

'Why not?'

"She's so well read and so punctilious about her pronunciation.

"She just told me her favorite book was Cervantes's 'Don Coyote.'

IT DEPENDED.



TORCHLIGHT—Do you think the bicycle is an immoral factor? SCORCHLEIGH—What makes?

## Unconsciously Screhing.

"Hold on, there!" yelled the policeman. The girl wheeled her bicycle around sharply and

came to a stand-still. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"You were scorching," said the officer, shortly. "How dare you" the fair wheelwoman flashed back. "Don't you suppose I know how fast I was going? I think it is a great shame that any one

should be allowed to stop and insult people in this way, even If he is a policeman. I wont put up with it. I shall take your number and your name

and address and report you to the Board of Health, or whatever it is; and then we will see if this sort of thing can be done with impunity.

"I tell you, I will not stand it," she went on. stamping her foot with rage. "I was pedalling less than six miles an hour. I know I was. And yet you accuse me of scorching Why"-

1 "Solved at last! I shall fly, I shall fly Just then a a peculiar odor made her look

laughing-gas, with the path os of a raw onion. It down at her bloomers, and will the grandest hit of the times.

2 And he flew.

A SUGGESSFUL FAILURE.

The editor drew a deep sigh. "What's the title,

sence of snake oil bark to give it the bracer

The Discovery of a Genius.

"It is called 'Home from

more touching

than Thack-

ens, more in-

cisive and re-

plete with

character

chan Dick-

eray, more ex-

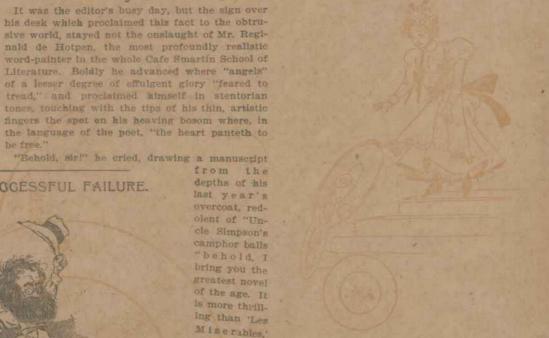
citing than

The Crist of

County Mar-

Searbore and Mountains; or, What Happened When the Found "Where He VasAt" During Her Long sence.' Illustrated from photographs of the author's' own wounds; also of the wine cellar after the cyclone, and including the deadly puriraits of the typewriters in question, taken by Shorty, the Champeen Tintypist of Coney's Isle."

The editor snorted like a war-horse at the smell of gunpowder, fell upon the author's neck and wept for joy. "At last!" he cried, "I have found the great American nov-And forthwith he ordered them each a asafetida-fizz, with a dash of es-



Hard Hit.

OLD JIMLETS-Dearest, before we were married you used to fairly dote on me. MRS. JIMLETS (sourly)-Yes; but you have

given me the antidote too often since, my dear!

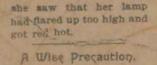
## Playing a Part.

SHE-You looked like a fool when you proposed to me.

HE-That was on purpose. I wanted to be



IT STANDS TO REASON.



LOTHARIO (with feeling) - Dearest, do you think that your father will look with favor upon my suit?

MADGE (eyeing him critically) - Yes; but to make sure you had better shake your "uncle's" camphor balls out of the pock-

How to Tell. There has been another great battle in Cuba," said Mrs. Dimling, who had the newspaper.

"Who won, the Spanlards or the Cubans?" asked Mr. Dimling. "The caption doesn't

say, and I haven't read the article yet.

"Well, where did the report come from, Havana or Key West?"

CUT HERE).

## "IS YER MAMMIE ALWAYS WITH YE?"

